

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
*Caliente*.COM



by DOUG MOENCH

and TOM MANDRAKE

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# BAT MAN

MANDRAKE

How will  
THE DARK  
KNIGHT  
end?



IN THE LAST ISSUE OF DETECTIVE,  
WE WITNESSED A LOVE KILLING.

IS THAT  
YOU, JIM?

"JIM"--?

ISN'T PRECIOUS GEORGE  
ENOUGH FOR YOU?!

OR HAVE YOU  
ALREADY THROWN  
GEORGE ASIDE-- JUST  
LIKE YOU THREW ME  
ASIDE?!

NO... OH,  
NO...!

THERE WAS  
NO WAY THE  
VICTIM  
COULD BE  
POSITIVELY  
IDENTIFIED.

SEE FOR YOURSELF,  
BATMAN-- HERE COMES  
THE BODY...

...AND  
NOTHIN'  
ELSE.

THE APARTMENT HAD BEEN SHARED BY NANCY  
CAMPBELL AND MONA LAMONT, TWO FLIGHT  
ATTENDANTS OF THE SAME BODY TYPE.

THE CORPSE HAD  
BEEN FOUND BY  
JIM ZWATEK,  
ARRIVING FOR  
HIS DATE WITH  
NANCY, BUT--

IT CAN'T BE  
NANCY! I'D  
KNOW IF SHE  
WERE DEAD!

IT CAN'T  
BE HER!

RETURNING FROM THE  
AIRPORT, CATWOMAN  
PROVED--





-- THAT HE  
WAS RIGHT.

NANCY--  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE!

WHAT  
THE--?

NANCY HAD SWITCHED FLIGHT  
ASSIGNMENTS WITH HER ROOMMATE  
MONA, WHO HAD COME DOWN  
WITH A HEAD COLD.



BARELY ABLE TO TALK, GEORGE  
MICHAELS SENT THEM TO GOWAN  
CHEMICALS--



I HAD NOTHING  
TO DO WITH IT--  
AND YOU'D BETTER  
STOP HARASSING  
ME AT WORK!



ADVICE TAKEN, THE BATMAN  
TORSED SPIVEY'S APARTMENT.

NO AYE,  
NO HEAD.

NOTHING  
BUT AMOTOS--  
ALL HEAD  
SHOTS OF  
MONA.



DURING THE EARLY  
ROOFTOP STAKEOUT--

-- THE RIFT  
BETWEEN  
BATMAN  
AND  
CATWOMAN  
GREW  
WIDER...



...UNTIL SHE  
FINALLY LEFT  
HIM TO HIS  
OBSESSION--

-- ADMITTING  
THERE WAS  
A "NEW  
FRIEND"  
IN HER  
LIFE.



CONVINCED OF SPIVEY'S GUILT, THE BATMAN  
CONTINUED HIS LOVE STAKEOUT FOR A MONTH,  
HAUNTED BY THE MURDER OF ONE LOVE (MONA)  
AND THE SLOW RAGE OF ANOTHER (CATWOMAN).

CREeping THROUGH  
THE BASEMENT,  
TOWARD A BUCKET  
PLACED BEHIND  
THE FURNACE  
WEEKS AGO.

WHAT IS  
SPIVEY  
DOING IN  
THERE?

SHE'LL BE  
READY TO TALK  
BY NOW-- BUT  
SHE'LL NEVER  
LIE TO ME  
AGAIN...

YOU SAID YOU  
LOVE ME, MONA--  
YOU LIED!

AND YOU WONDER  
WHY I HATE YOUR  
FACE!

BUT NOW  
WE'LL SEE HOW  
HE LIKES IT!

# BAT MAN STRIKE TWO!

DOUG MOENCH • TOM MANDRAKE • ALBERT T. DE GUZMAN • ADRIENNE ROY • LEN WEIN  
WRITER ARTIST LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR



AND NOW: THE STAKEOUT ENTERS ITS SECOND MONTH... AS DOES THE HAUNTING.

SPIVEY MUST BE INSANE... BUT WHEN WILL HE BREAK?

CATWOMAN MUST HAVE SOMEONE NEW... BUT WHO COULD IT BE?

ACROSS TOWN, IN THE PARK:

THAT WAS GOOD, LOVER... VERY GOOD.

NOW LET'S TRY IT AGAIN--ROUGHER THIS TIME.

I KNOW HE'S GUILTY.

SHE'S SO COLD TO ME.

UM...

...MAYBE A LITTLE TOO ROUGH.

STILL, YOU'RE JUST ABOUT READY TO HIT THE NIGHT WITH ME FOR REAL, LOVER... ONCE I BLUNT YOUR CLAWS, ANYWAY.

AND, AT YET ANOTHER BLEAK DAWN:

THERE HE GOES AGAIN, ON HIS WAY TO WORK WITH NOTHING LARGER THAN A LUNCHBOX...

THE WAY HE HIRED THAT THUG TO JUMP ME...

THE WAY SHE CAN BARELY STAND TO TOUCH ME...

...JUST LIKE EVERY DAY FOR A MONTH.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE FOLLOWING)



BOX IS FAR TOO SMALL FOR AN AXE OR A HEAD...

ZIPPETY-  
POO-DAH,  
ZIPPETY-AY...

BESIDES, I TOGGED HIS PLACE AND FOUND NOTHING.



BUT WHY WOULD HE TAKE SUCH A GRISLY TROPHY IN THE FIRST PLACE IF HE DIDN'T WANT IT FOR SOME REASON?

MAYBE HE HID IT SOMEWHERE, BUT DIDN'T DITCH IT FOR GOOD... NOT RIGHT AWAY, ANYWAY.



IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IF HE HAS BURNED THE EVIDENCE BY NOW--

--THERE MAY BE TEETH IN THE FURNACE ASH-GRATE...



...PROVIDED THIS BUILDING'S STILL GOT AN OLD COAL-BURNER, THAT IS.



STUPID BATMAN-- DOESN'T THINK I KNOW HE'S BEEN WATCHING ME FOR A MONTH...

...EVEN AFTER HE PUT AWAY TONY WHEN I HIRED HIS MUSCLE...



...BUT NO WAY I LET IT STOP ME.

THE LUNCH PAIL CONTAINS NO FOOD.

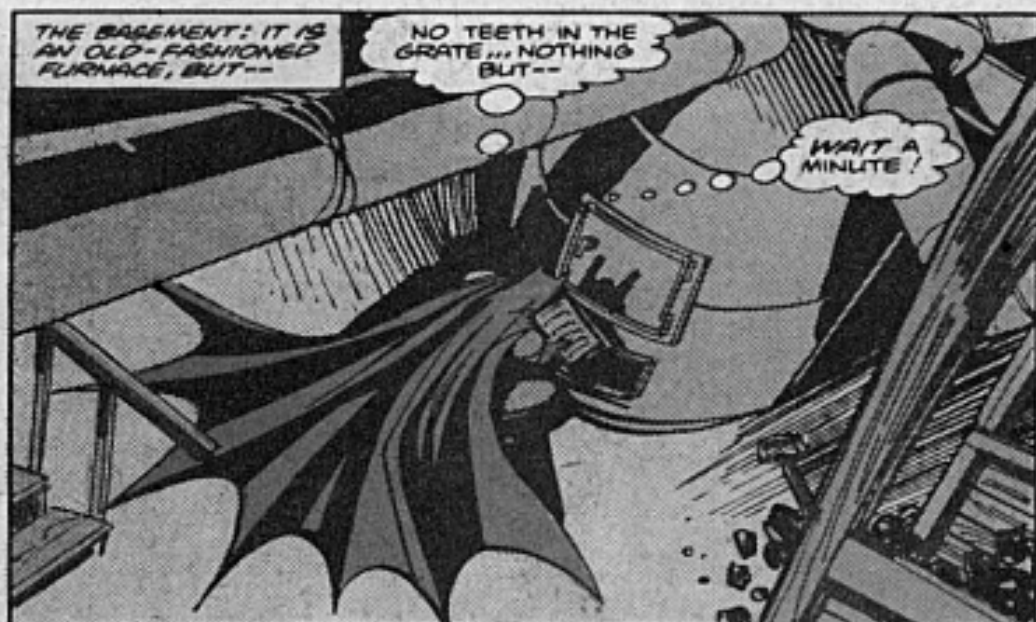


JUST A PACKAGE--BARELY SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT INTO THE MAILBOX.



SO I EAT CAFETERIA SWILL TODAY... BUT FIRST, ONE MORE STOP BEFORE HEADING TO WORK...





THE BASEMENT: IT IS AN OLD-FASHIONED FURNACE, BUT--

NO TEETH IN THE GRATE... NOTHING BUT--

WAIT A MINUTE!



A BRASS BUTTON-- VERY POSSIBLY OF THE TYPE FOUND ON FLIGHT ATTENDANT UNIFORMS...

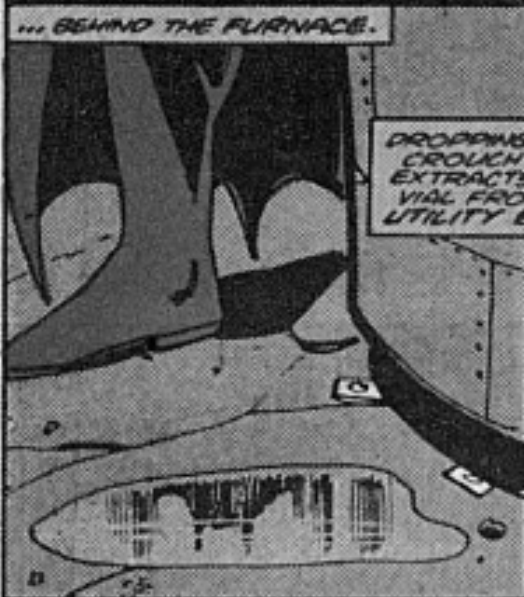


...AND MONA'S STEW JACKET WAS MISSING FROM THE CRIME SCENE.

THERE'S NO DOUBT NOW-- SPIVEY'S GUILTY AS SIN, EVEN IF IT WON'T STAND UP IN COURT OR--

HE FREEZES, NOSTRILS FLARING.

THE SCENT OF SOMETHING BITTER, PUNGENT...

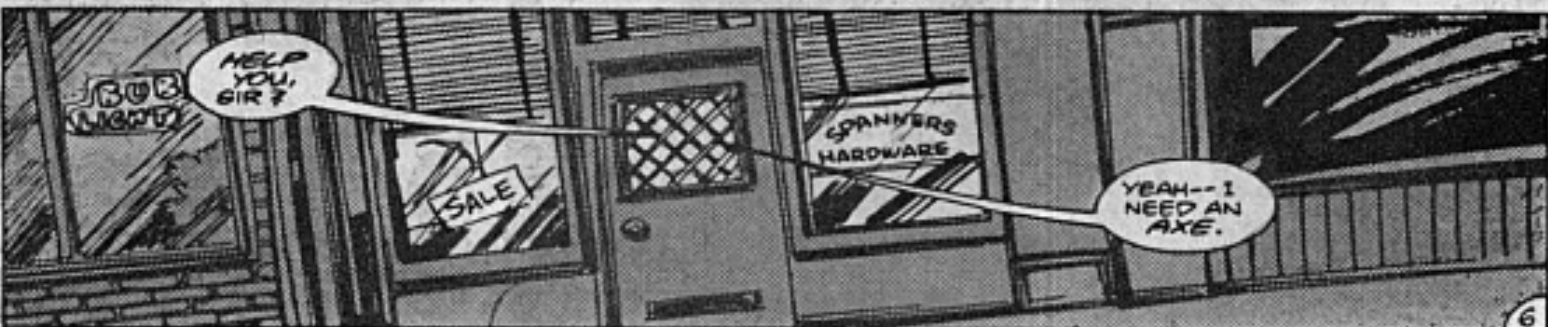


... BEHIND THE FURNACE.

DROPPING TO A CROUCH, HE EXTRACTS A SMALL VIAL FROM HIS UTILITY BELT.



LAST STOP



HELP YOU, GIRL?

YEAH-- I NEED AN AXE.



NIGHT.

WAYNE MANOR.



STILL, HE'S ALREADY MADE TWO MISTAKES-- THE **BUTTONS** AND THE **CHEMICAL**-- AND SOONER OR LATER HE'LL MAKE ANOTHER.

AND IN THE DARK CAVERN BELOW, WHERE THE BATMAN HAS WORKED ALL DAY...

GOT IT-- FINALLY ANALYZED THE **CHEMICAL SAMPLE**.

IT HAS **INDUSTRIAL USES**...



... BUT IT'S ALSO EXTREMELY SIMILAR TO A **NATURAL PLANT DERIVATIVE** INDIGENOUS TO **SOUTH AMERICA**.

NO WAY TO PROVE IT WAS **SPIVEY** WHO PUT IT BEHIND THE FURNACE... EVEN THOUGH HE WORKS AT A **CHEMICAL PLANT**...



NOTHING TO DO BUT RETURN TO MY **STAKEOUT ROOF** AND WAIT FOR IT.

I'VE ALREADY MISSED TAILING HIM HOME FROM WORK TONIGHT...

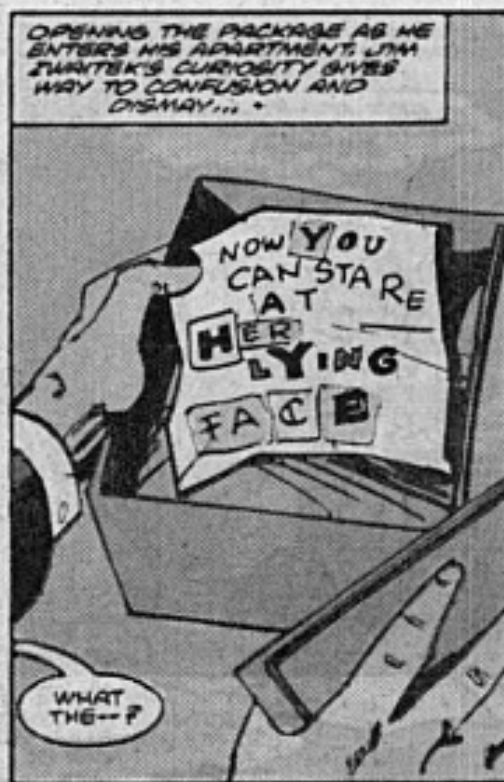
LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, **JIM ZWATEK** RETURNS HOME FROM WORK, THINKING AHEAD TO THE EVENING'S DATE WITH **NANCY CAMPBELL**, AND SCARCELY NOTICING THE **DOORMAN**...

FIRST-CLASS PACKAGE FOR YOU TODAY, MR. **ZWATEK**.

I LEFT IT BY YOUR DOOR.

OH ? THANKS, **MYRON**.





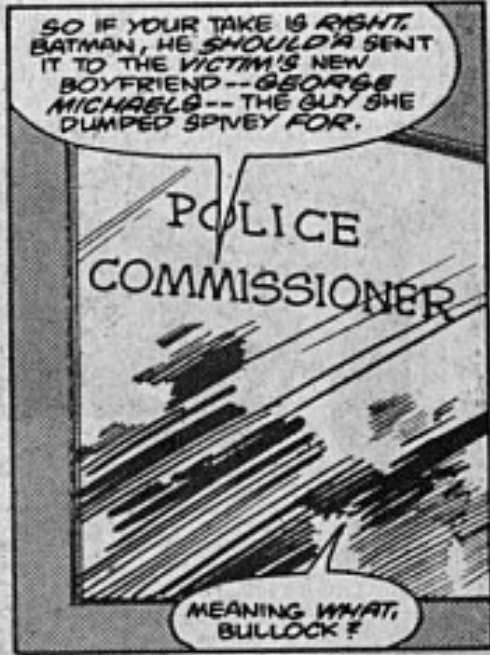
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NO, I... I HAVE NO IDEA WHO'D WANT TO SEND ME... SUCH A THING...

HIS GIRLFRIEND IS THE VICTIM'S ROOMIE--NANCY CAMPBELL.

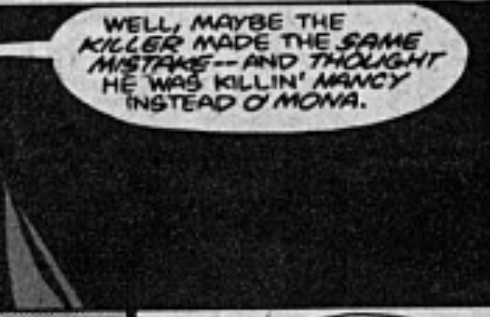


SO IF YOUR TAKE IS RIGHT, BATMAN, HE SHOULD'VE SENT IT TO THE VICTIM'S NEW BOYFRIEND--GEORGE MICHAELS--THE GUY SHE DUMPED SPIVEY FOR.

MEANING WHAT, BULLOCK?



MAYBE THE KILLER AIN'T SPIVEY, COMMISH. REMEMBER HOW WE GOT THE TWO GIRLS MIXED UP WHEN THEY SWITCHED FLIGHTS--HOW WE FIRST THOUGHT THE VICTIM WAS NANCY CAMPBELL INSTEAD O' MONA LAMONT?



WELL, MAYBE THE KILLER MADE THE SAME MISTAKE--AND THOUGHT HE WAS KILLIN' NANCY INSTEAD O' MONA.



IN WHICH SCENARIO, HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN EITHER GIRL--OR READ THE PAPERS THE LAST MONTH.

A HIRED HIT THAT WENT WRONGS.

NO--IT'S SPIVEY. I KNOW IT

YOU MEAN... YOU THINK MONA WAS FOOLIN' AROUND WITH JWAITEK TOO--WITH HER OWN ROOMIE'S BOYFRIEND--ON TOP O' GEORGE MICHAELS?

DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I THINK, BULLOCK.

AND THE MOTIVE IS JUST WHAT I SAY--TWISTED LOVE... JEALOUSY.

ONLY SPIVEY HAD TO THINK IT--AND HE'S INSANE ENOUGH TO CONCEIVE ANYTHING.







SHE SAYS HELLO AND THE WORD IS A KNIFE TWISTING IN HIS GUT.

SELINA, I... I GUESS WE HAVEN'T DRIFTED ANY CLOSER THIS PAST MONTH, HAVE WE?

NO... WE HAVEN'T.

UH-HUH.

THEY STILL LOVE EACH OTHER, AND THEY BOTH KNOW IT.

HIS VOICE, FOR HER, HAS A LESS SAVAGE EFFECT, MAKING THE PAIN SHARPER.

SO... HOW'S YOUR... NEW FRIEND?

HE'S, UH... HE'S WORKING OUT QUITE WELL, ACTUALLY.

I... SEE.

HE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT, CAN'T BEAR THIS REALITY OF LOSING HER.

WELL, LISTEN... I NEED Y--

I NEED SOME HELP.

I'M STILL ON THE SPIVEY CASE--STILL "OBSESSED," AS YOU PUT IT...

COULD YOU PERHAPS... WATCH OVER ZWATEK, SELINA...?

JUST FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE?

BUT SUCH KNOWLEDGE CANNOT CHANGE THE INEVITABLE; IT ONLY MAKES IT HARDER.

SHE STILL CAN'T RATHOM WHAT'S DRIVING HER TO MAKE THIS HAPPEN, TO MAKE IT REAL.

...AND THE NEXT TIME HE LEAVES HIS PLACE, I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING OTHER THAN TAIL HIM.

ALSO, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T THINK SPIVEY IS CRAZY ENOUGH TO STRIKE TWICE, IT COULD BE THAT JIM ZWATEK IS IN DANGER.

OF COURSE, BATMAN.

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE... AND MUCH MORE.

THE PANTHER YAWNS, STRETCHES, AND SLINKS FOR MOONLIGHT.



AN HOUR LATER,  
SILVERED BY THE  
MOON, ROY SPIVEY  
LEAVES HIS  
APARTMENT  
BUILDING  
EMPTY-HANDED.

PROBABLY  
GOING OUT TO  
DINNER.



IF HE'S HUNGRY,  
IT SHOULD GIVE ME  
ENOUGH TIME TO  
BUG HIM RIGHT  
OVER THE EDGE--  
AND INTO  
PRISON.

YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED  
YOUR FOOD, GEORGE.

WH-WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN,  
GEORGE?

MONA'S  
DEAD.  
DAMMIT!

AND HER  
KILLER'S  
STILL  
OUT  
THERE--  
FREE!

IT'S NOT  
RIGHT! I  
DEMAND  
JUSTICE!

IT'S NOT THE SPAGHETTI,  
NANCY, BELIEVE ME-- BUT  
THIS... THIS SICK "GIRL"  
SENT TO JIM... I DON'T  
THINK I CAN TAKE IT...

EASY,  
GEORGE...

EASY  
NOTHING! I'M  
GOING TO  
CONFRONT  
SPIVEY!  
RIGHT NOW!

YOU SAID BATMAN  
AND THE POLICE KNOW  
HE'S GUILTY.

WELL, IF  
THEY CAN'T  
GET JUSTICE,  
I CAN!

GEORGE,  
I WON'T LET  
YOU--

TRY TO  
STOP ME,  
JIM--

--AND I'LL  
TAKE YOUR  
HEAD OFF!

AND THE BATMAN  
REMEMBERS AN  
AL FRESCO  
SPAGHETTI  
DINNER IN AN  
ALLEY, AND  
JOKES ABOUT  
A LADY AND  
HER TRAMP.

I CAN'T LET HIM GO  
OFF ALONE, NANCY!

LOCK THE DOOR  
UNTIL I GET BACK!

HUNGRY AS HE IS, ROY SEVEY PROMISES NOT FOR FOOD.

ONLY TWO PEOPLE COULD'VE TOLD BATMAN ABOUT ME...

... MAYBE THREE...

AND NOW IT'S TIME...

... TO TAKE CARE OF NUMBER TWO.

I'VE ALREADY SENT A PRESENT TO ONE OF THEM...

THE NEW AXE IS STILL BEHIND THE SHRUBS, RIGHT WHERE HE LEFT IT.

MAYBE I SHOULD CALL THE POLICE... TELL THEM WHAT GEORGE AND JIM ARE --

BAK  
BAK  
BAK

SHHHH

THE... W-WINDOW...



THE PHONE CABLE,  
FEEDING INTO THE  
BUILDING --

HELLO ?  
OPERATOR -- ?!

HELLO!

Y'KNOW  
SOMETHING,  
NANCY ?

YOU'RE A  
LOT LIKE  
MONA.

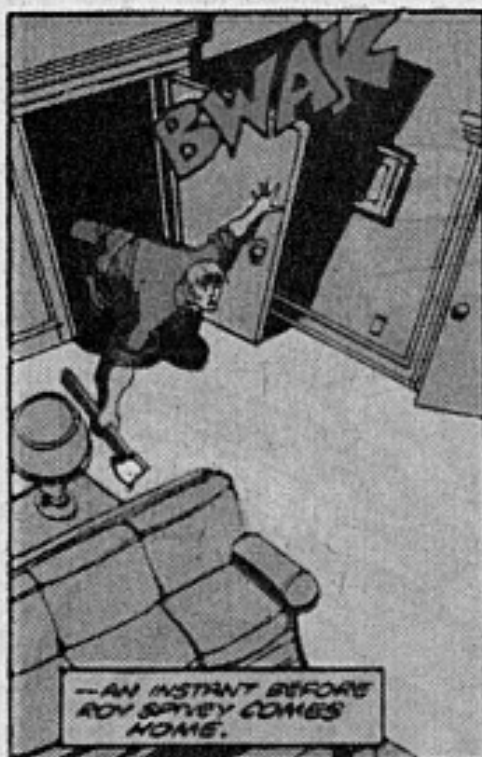
-- IS SEVERARD.

YEAH... I BET  
YOU'VE GOT A BIG  
LYING MOUTH, TOO...



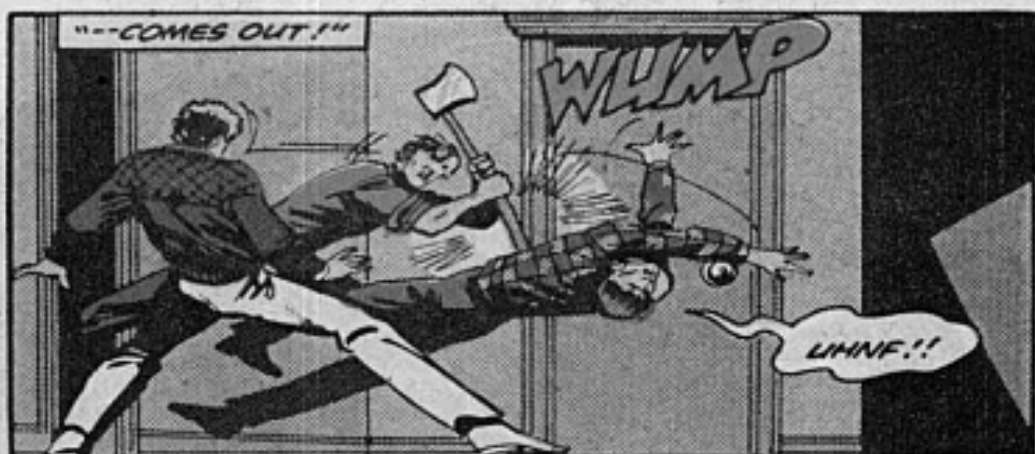
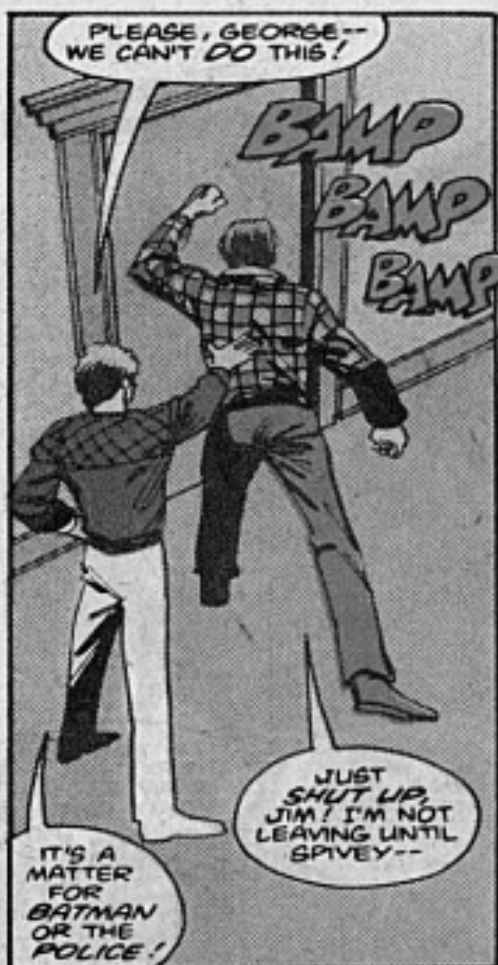
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OTHER THAN  
THAT NASTY  
NOTCH IN YOUR  
SHOULDER...  
FINALLY GET  
WHAT YOU  
WANT?

ON TAPE,  
EVERYTHING I  
NEED TO PUT  
SPIVEY AWAY--



...BUT ONLY  
HALF OF  
WHAT I  
WANT.

NOW, ABOUT THOSE  
CLAW MARKS ON HIS  
FACE, SELINA...

I FOLLOWED  
ZWAITEK TO HER PLACE--  
BUT WHEN HE LEFT WITH  
GEORGE MICHAELS, I  
DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA  
OF LEAVING NANCY  
ALONE...



APPARENTLY, HE WENT  
AFTER NANCY CAMPBELL,  
BATMAN.



...SO I LEFT MY NEW FRIEND  
TO GUARD HER--A PANTHER,  
TO TAKE DIABLO'S PLACE.

AND MY  
PLACE?

NO ONE COULD  
EVER TAKE  
THAT.



BUT STILL, SHE LEAVES.



EPILOGUE:  
MONA LAMONT  
IS DEAD.



THE LIVING SAY  
THEIR GOOD-BYES.

I COULDN'T JUST UP  
AND SPLIT LIKE THAT,  
FRIEND...



TWO LOVES HAVE  
DIED.



... NOT WITHOUT  
SAYING GOOD-BYE.



IT MAY  
NOT BE  
FOR THE  
BEST...

... BUT MY GUESS IS...  
IT'LL BE A KISS TO  
REMEMBER.

ASHES TO  
ASHES...



AND THE PANTHER'S  
GROWL... IS SOFT.

THE HAUNTING HAS  
ONLY BEGUN.



THE  
BATCAVE:

HE AVOIDS THE CAT-SHAPED  
STALAGMITE, SEEKING THE  
SHADOW OF LINCOLN...

LIBERTY

TA  
DRA!

THE BOY  
WONDER IS  
BACK!

AND IF HIS  
SMILE IS  
CROOKED--

-- AT  
LEAST A  
SMILE IT  
IS.

Y'SEE,  
BOSS, I  
DECIDED  
I'VE BEEN  
NEGLECTING  
MY ROBIN  
DUTIES--

--AND FOR  
A LOUSY  
REASON,  
TOO.

JEALOUSY.

BUT NOW THAT I LOVE RENA  
ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND WHAT  
LOVE'S ALL ABOUT, I CAN SEE  
HOW DUMB I'VE BEEN.

SO YOUR PARTNER'S RIGHT  
BACK WHERE HE BELONGS,  
BOSS--

--AND I'LL EVEN UNDERSTAND  
IF THE CAT-LADY IS AT YOUR  
OTHER SIDE.

BUT  
I MAY  
NEVER  
UNDERSTAND...  
WHY SHE'S  
NOT.

HUH?  
WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN--?

LATER,  
SON.

RIGHT NOW...  
JUST... TALK TO  
ME.

ADVICE TO BATMAN IN  
DETECTIVE #566:  
KNOW YOUR FOES!  
AND IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
BATMAN: RESURRECTION  
NIGHT-- A VERY SPECIAL  
400TH ANNIVERSARY  
BLOCKBUSTER!